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ELLEN CAMPBELL

OR KING'S MOUNTAIN

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer, by Mrs. Mary A. Ewert.

CHAPTER IV.

The arms are in the tent. When the intent of battle is just, Shakespeare.

In a fork made by the waters of Crowder's Creek and the Catawba river, a party of troopers were bivouacking on a night, in the last quarter of the month of September. Fires had been kindled for the preparation of their evening meal, and though late, had not died out; and with the torches that were constantly moving above, gave life and character to the brilliant panorama. The party consisted of about thirty men, their tents the broad sky above them, their camp the leafy bowers. The most of the soldiers were stretched upon the ground with their knapsacks for their pillows, the grassy sward their bed, while saddles, bridles, muskets and sabres hung from the adjoining boughs or leaned against the trees. The horses were picketed near, and their occasional neigh or fery snort with their incessant trampling added yet more to the excitement of the scene.

At the farther extremity of the camp, and retired from the bustle by a thicker natural growth, assembled a body of officers. A few blazing pine faggots, stuck in the neighboring trees, served to illumine the countenances of the party. The most of them were lying on the ground with the wearied air of tired men, but the most prominent figure, and from the uniform, now glistening in the camp, was a man of a different growth, assembled a body of officers. A few blazing pine faggots, stuck in the neighboring trees, served to illumine the countenances of the party. The most of them were lying on the ground with the wearied air of tired men, but the most prominent figure, and from the uniform, now glistening in the camp, was a man of a different growth, assembled a body of officers. A few blazing pine faggots, stuck in the neighboring trees, served to illumine the countenances of the party.

"No need, sir, if you want tidings of Captain Bowen here is Hotspur, now galloping into the camp." "How, now, Hotspur, what news?" "Major Davis, for he it was, 'Where's Bowen?'" "The Tories are halting about twenty-five miles from here, at Catawba ford, near the Waxhaw, and will not venture the crossing before they have daylight to transport their regiments," he said, full of the principal news. "The captain sent me on with the intelligence; he's coming with the rest."

"And good news it is; ho! here, wake up, boys, Darby, sound, sound to you duty!" "Up! boys, up, Officers to your duty!" "At once, everything sleeping, started; troopers were hurrying rapidly across the ground; the clanking of their broadsworded sabres, the priming of their muskets, equipping their horses made every hand busy.

"How many men has Bowen with him?" "About thirty; as clever a set of fellows as ever handled a broadsword—fully rigged, too. The man's had wits at work for him—but there he is to speak for himself."

"The battle was now ended, and the orders were given to remove the spoils of the vanquished. It was necessary to conduct their movements with the greatest celerity, as it was feared the enemy might be reinforced by detachments on the other side of the river. The killed were hastily buried, the wounded cared for, and the prisoners, glad to escape by promises, were put on parole and allowed to go after their arms and their horses. The abundant store of the enemy served to refresh the wearied soldiers, and with plentiful supplies, they once more took up their line of march.

It was late in the day when they halted in the neighborhood of King's Mountain, after a long and weary march. There they deposited their arms for a moment, and with light hearts and plentiful supplies, the soldiers rested for the night. In the observation of camp duty, Major Davis was very rigid, and after attending to the discipline of it, he entrusted the command to Captain Bowen, and calling for his horse, without mentioning his destination rode slowly away from the camp.

"You've anticipated me, major," mentally said Bowen with a smile, then with a sigh for "little Bessie," he devoted himself to his duties. Major Davis rode leisurely along until fairly beyond the camp, when putting spurs to his horse, he did not draw rein until at the hospitable gates of the Mansion House. Checking now his speed, he slowly approached the mansion. The twilight was fast fading into night, when throwing his reins to an attendant, he sprang from his horse.

about half the men, near the river ford, and forming them into columns, poured forth a scattering fire of musketry. In order to gain time to collect his terror stricken troops, and cover such a retreat as he was able to make. "Down with them! down with them!" shouted the troopers. "No mercy to the Tories! Cut down the robbers—give them Tory mercy!" they shouted, perfectly infuriated at the memory of their many wrongs. Major Davis now charged the column formed by Captain Hardy, and in a few moments, succeeded in routing it. Those of the Tories who could secure their horses, boldly sprang into the river and escaped, Captain Hardy being one of the number.

Bowen, while riding over the field in hot pursuit of the fugitives, discovered not less a personage than Reuben Ferris in the act of dismounting a horse from a neighboring thicket. "Ha! well met," cried Bowen; "turn and defend yourself, traitor!" "I'm ready for you, Ellick Bowen. I have not seen a better sight today than your Whig face; blast you, come on!" said he, springing on his horse and spurring against his adversary. "Coward and Tory robber! I've a grudge against you which must be settled before we part. Take that, and that, and that," he said, as stroke after stroke of his broad sword fell fast on Ferris. "You do not deserve the name of an honest man's sabre, you cursed spy. I'd leave you for the gallows if it were safe to leave such a brute at large; and as he spoke Bowen made a thrust with his sabre that would have been fatal, had not Ferris adroitly eluded it; and seeing he was no match for his adversary in horsemanship, and springing to the ground, ere Bowen was aware, Ferris clasped him about the neck and in spite of his efforts, dragged him from his horse. The two men fell together, and for a while, it seemed as if Ferris would overpower his opponent, from real brute force. But the superior adroitness of Bowen as well as his invincible coolness, at length gave him the advantage, and springing to his feet, he shook his adversary from him, and he cried, "Curse you, Ferris, for a dastardly villain, you've earned your doom; and again raised his sabre to strike; but Ferris, with surprising agility, rolled in rapid turns from him, and ere Bowen who was yet staggering from the shock, could stop him, sprang to his horse and galloping off with a yell, cried:

"My doom is not yet earned, and I have a score to settle with you that I'd settle if man or devil stood between us;" and springing into the river, he soon gained the opposite bank. "Luck served me an ill turn that time," muttered Bowen. "The traitorous spy. He means no good. God preserve Bessie," he mentally ejaculated, as his mind involuntarily turned toward her.

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"Is Mr. Willoughby within?" he asked. "No, massa, I shined the negro, 'but Miss Ellen is. She be 'nighly glad to see you; she so proud you beat Captain Hardy this morning; you know he trouble Miss Ellen mightly, sometimes."

"Hah! Trouble her, how?" "Kil! don't you know massa? Reckon he thinks she make mighty good wife."

"Curse his impudence," muttered Davis. "Had I known that he would have traveled in my company this morning, 'Nave, mind announcing me," he said to the servant; "I will find my way."

"With you spirits, I do not wonder that you know no defeat," said Mr. Willoughby, in involuntary surprise at the enthusiastic earnestness of the young trooper. "Defeat, sir! how can we know it? Even the enemy is working for us. To induce a people who have once tasted the sweets of independence to return to the condition of subjects, it is necessary not only to conquer their armies, but their affections; and by every device, to burn their hearts with desire, to excite, as well as to irritate, the royal army, are so intent, the one on amassing fortunes, the other on reimbursing themselves, that no regard is paid to reunion; instead of soothing they delight in injuring and insulting, and they are actually doing more for the independence of the states than our enemies guided by maxims of sound policy."

"What you say never struck me so forcibly before, though certainly I, former wars, dignity, honor and generosity were invariably annexed to the military character, and British officers were, for the most part, gentlemen eminently possessing these virtues; yet they are now certainly inferior, not in education, but also in good breeding."

"Because a commission is now purchased in their army by recruiting a given number of men. Consequently, those who possess the most low cunning, who have a natural aptitude for wheedling the vulgar, are considered the very characters of our officers; and these men become our conquerors and spoilers. What are we to expect from such oppressors?"

"I certainly do not appear that they are guided by a mistaken policy, yet they are successful in conquering. I still see no resort but to make our terms we can, ere our conquerors, aggressive and desperate opposition, comes altogether."

"And that will never be," cried Davis, indignantly, "while a son of Carolina breathes. Do you suppose, sir, our high spirited citizens will brook these oppressions and insults? Do you suppose a Carolinian would ever submit to the odious tyranny? No! sir. The more we are crushed the more we are determined to resist ourselves of our insulting tyrants, and the more hopeless our cause appears, the more do we struggle for success."

"I cannot but sympathize with you, Major Davis, and most cordially do I wish you success; but I can do no more. There are ties which I dare not sunder, associations connected with my life, that would cause me to shrink, if severe, yet your enthusiasm and my Ellen's pleadings, have almost overcome my reluctance to assist you. And if your sanguine hopes should be realized, and you enabled to give a check to your conquerors, then will I feel as if assistance would benefit the cause and will be willing to contribute, insofar as I am able, to the private, in order to save what is so dear to me. Why, sir, the lopping of a shrub affects me; what would it be to be compelled to see all that is so dear, desecrated and despoiled by rude and profane hands?"

"This spoke my good uncle," said Ellen, who had been an anxious and earnest listener to the foregoing conversation; "and I will promise you as a reward for this kindness, never to grumble at Prince Hubert's long arms again. Prince Hubert," said she, in answer to Major Davis's look of inquiry, "is that noble oak you see standing so near the house. His royal name was given in commemoration of a feat of my Uncle Hubert's here, who, when quite a child, climbed up to its topmost boughs, and falling asleep in its leafy cradle, as to be totally unconscious of the alarm that his disappearance created. He was at length discovered by his cap falling from the branches. You may judge of the relief this discovery occasioned, as well as the consternation attending his critical situation. Dreading to awaken him, and dreading still more his fall from the dizzy height, they were at a loss to know how to release him from his perilous situation, when he lay among the boughs, and quietly ascending, was struck with indignant surprise at their anxiety. It has since been called 'Prince Hubert's tree.' In memory of the exploit, its branches sometimes making a sad requiem in winter nights against the windows of my room, I have occasionally petitioned for the privilege of lopping them; but Uncle Hubert rejects the idea as a desecration of his royal charter, which it received in the moment of rejoicing over the lost found, that no branch should ever be removed from its body. But the night is advancing, and Major Davis anticipates an early start in the morning," said Ellen, rising.

"And I have not seen you enjoy an early rest, after all your bravado," said Mr. Willoughby. "Ring for lights, Ellen, and we will retire."

"I cannot now thank you, sir," said Davis, "for your promised aid. Indeed, my soldier tongue is but little

word to words of compliment; but my sword at times discourses sharp eloquence that I trust will ere long reach your ears in news of such moment as to gratify and encourage all who wish us and our country well."

"I trust so, indeed; I trust so," replied Mr. Willoughby, shaking his head sadly. "But you fear news of your contemplated gathering reaches Ferguson? He could soon scatter your little forces."

"We have taken what precautions we could, but being obliged to recruit, it is impossible to carry it on with entire secrecy; but fortunately for us, he is either so flushed with success as to be intoxicated, or is woefully alarmed by our careless of danger."

"Will not your check of today alarm the enemy at the Waxhaws? Is it not possible to arouse them to a sense of immediate danger?" "Scarcely, with me," replied the major, laughing. "They are so used to have me hanging like a wasp around them, that ten to one, they will look on your check as a mere scarecrow. They have learnt it is useless to follow me. Oh! no, I have no idea I will alarm them, and I will be off in the morning before they get their eyes open."

"If your prudence is a match for your courage, and your coolness for your patriotism, I no longer wonder at your success; but here is Jerry who does not seem to me to be an early breakfast in the morning," said Mr. Willoughby, courteously. "Thank you, sir, but I must break in camp. I will be off by three in the morning. I would not wish you disturbed. Indeed I feel more privileged to come when I can take soldier's hours without interfering with family arrangements."

"Well, as you please. I wish you all success. Good night!" "Good night," said the trooper. "I will speak to Miss Ellen before I go. He entered the parlor where Ellen was standing near a table, arranging the lights.

"I shall not see you in the morning, Miss Ellen, but I want your wishes for success before I leave; and I wish also to tell you how much I thank you for your activity in our cause. I have been so long used to the rough times of a camp, that I forget how to modulate my speech to the gentle accents of a lady's ear; yet perhaps I feel your kindness more than those who have more cunning in protestation. Will you accept a soldier's gratitude?"

"I do not see your country," he said, "and I wish to see it in the arms of the individual, and the words of those dark eyes, and the glance, simple as they were, were burdened with a tone of tenderness that thrilled her inmost soul. Her very excitement made her answer more coldly than she was aware."

"The little I have done is deserving of no thanks; and little as it was, I have done for my country."

"He did not answer, but stood in silence. At length, feeling the continuance of his silence oppressive, she raised her eyes to bid him good night. The mingled expression she could not read, but she understood quite enough to see he was deeply wounded."

"I understand, Miss Ellen," he said, bitterly; "and while I thank you for your patriotism, I count myself for my infatuation; and bowing low, he left her."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COLD OF 1816.

Queer Weather That Came in "the Year Without a Summer."

The year of 1816 has been called "the year without a summer." The Boston Congregationalist of some years ago gave the following account of it: "January and February were mild, March cold, April began warm, but ended in snow and ice. Ice formed an inch thick in May, and fields were planted over and over again till it was too late to replant. June was the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost and ice were common. Almost every green thing was killed. Fruit nearly all was destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in the interior of New York and also in Massachusetts. There were a few warm days. It was called a dry season. But little rain fell. The wind blew steadily from the north, cold and fierce. Mothers knit extra socks and mittens for their children in the spring, and wood piles, that usually disappeared during the warm spell, front of the house, were speedily built up again. Planting and sowing were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the county roads wore overcoats and mittens. On the 17th of June a heavy snow fell in New England. The cold was intense. A farmer who had a large field of corn in Tewksbury built fires around it all night to ward off the frost. Many of the neighbors were watching them. He was rewarded with the only crop of corn in the neighborhood."

Considerable damage was done in New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise of the Mississippi river. Fears were entertained that the sun would cool off, and throughout New England all plences were strictly prohibited. July was accompanied with frost and ice. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed. Some favorably situated fields escaped. August was more cheerless if possible than the summer months which preceded it. Ice was formed half an inch in thickness. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for food. Almost every green thing was destroyed in this country and in Europe. On the 30th snow fell at Barnet, forty miles from London. Very little corn ripened in New England and the middle states. Farmers supplied themselves from corn produced in 1815 for seed in the spring of 1817. It sold at the rate of \$4 to \$5 per bushel. September furnished about two weeks of the pleasantest weather of the season, but in the latter part of the month ice formed an inch thick and cold weather. November was cold and snowy. December was comfortable. The winter following was strictly protracted. Very little vegetation matured in the eastern and middle states. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat during the summer. All nature was clad in a sable hue, and men exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of life.

Defeat is often a good thing, as it shows a man how little he amounts to.

TILLMAN VS. CROMER.

Another Installment of Dispersary Controversy.

REJOINDER OF THE SENATOR.

The Misquotation of Pope—The Supreme Court Decisions Reviewed—The Profit Feature—Alleged Misrepresentation—Senator Denies the Election of Gary.

The following open letter from Senator Tillman was published in the daily papers last Saturday: Hon. Geo. B. Cromer: Dear Sir: I was absent from the state a few days after the Anderson meeting, and since my return here Sunday I have been quite unwell, hence delay in answering your "rejoinder," which appeared in the newspapers of the 18th.

I have read what you say carefully, and with all due respect it seems to me you are begging the question. I quoted Pope's couplet from memory and it is lucky that I misquoted it, else you would have had little to reply to, but I cannot agree with you that I "missed" either the "sense" or the "spirit."

I charged existing conditions in dispensary matters to mal-administration and to legislation in changing the law and depended upon the last line of the quotation to sustain my contention: "That law which is best administered is best." Of course your quotation must be verbatim and it is even stronger in sustaining my argument than my own recollection of the words, for if "whatever form of government," an autocracy, limited monarchy or a republic, is "better administered" when it is "best administered," it seems to me that you must be wrong in claiming that there is inherent vice in the law itself, efficient administration of the law cannot cure it.

We are not discussing that phase at all. You class the dispensary system as inherently vicious, as contra distinguished with the licensed sale of liquor; and the prohibition of its sale at all. According to you, as I quote from your "whatever" form the law might take as among these three would be best if it is "administered best." That is all I have ever contended. I believe the dispensary system can be better administered than can prohibition, and I am opposed to any form of license, high or low, but the strongest language maintains the contrary; the supreme court absolutely forbade sales of liquor and not to apply in case the state determined to restrict or regulate the same."

How then, dear sir, can you seriously contend that "the state may take control of the traffic to police it, but not to profit by it." Our own court in the strongest language maintains the contrary; the supreme court of the United States with the law before it sustained it, notwithstanding this feature, yet merely because you feel that the profit feature is an inherent vice of the dispensary law which destroys its usefulness and its legality. I must ask how can you seriously argue such a point, and how can you count the strongest language maintains the contrary; the supreme court of the United States with the law before it sustained it, notwithstanding this feature, yet merely because you feel that the profit feature is an inherent vice of the dispensary law which destroys its usefulness and its legality.

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can you declare that "the state may take control of the traffic to police it, but not to profit by it?" On page 240 we find this: "The Judiciary," said Mr. Justice McGowan in the case of Town Council vs. Presley, 33rd S. C., page 56, "cannot run a race of opinions upon points of right, reason and expediency with the law making power." Then Mr. Justice Gary added: "The state has a right through its own officers—in fact, it is its primary duty—to enforce its police regulations, which right inheres in government itself and is paramount to any right inherent in citizenship. But referring to the foregoing objection as matter of fact, it would not be as efficiently enforced by private individuals, because there would be the constant temptation to make as large profit as possible."

But referring to the foregoing objection (that the same results could be accomplished by allowing private individuals to carry on the traffic) as a matter of fact it would not be as efficiently enforced by private individuals "because there would be the constant temptation to make as large profits as possible." Further on Justice Gary adds: "The dispensary act, as itself an outgrowth of a dissatisfaction on the part of the people with the manner in which the police power when delegated, was abused" (by permitting those who obtained the licenses to make as much money as possible).

Again I desire to direct your attention to the decision of the supreme court of the United States in the case of Vance vs. W. A. Vandercook Co., 179 U. S., p. 447, in which the constitutionality of the dispensary law was upheld by our court of last resort: "It is argued as the state law here in question does not forbid but on the contrary authorizes the sale of intoxicants within the state, hence it is not a police law, therefore not enacted in the exercise of the police power of the state and consequently does not operate upon the sale of original packages within the state. But the premise upon which these arguments rest is purely arbitrary and imaginary. From the fact that the state law permits the sale of liquor subject to particular restrictions and only enumerated conditions it does not follow that the law is not a manifestation of the police power of the state. The plain purpose of the act of congress having been to allow state regulations to operate upon the sale of original packages of intoxicants coming from other states, it would destroy its obvious meaning to construe it as permitting the sale of liquor to be made and controlled by the state in case the state absolutely forbade sales of liquor and not to apply in case the state determined to restrict or regulate the same."

How then, dear sir, can you seriously contend that "the state may take control of the traffic to police it, but not to profit by it." Our own court in the strongest language maintains the contrary; the supreme court of the United States with the law before it sustained it, notwithstanding this feature, yet merely because you feel that the profit feature is an inherent vice of the dispensary law which destroys its usefulness and its legality. I must ask how can you seriously argue such a point, and how can you count the strongest language maintains the contrary; the supreme court of the United States with the law before it sustained it, notwithstanding this feature, yet merely because you feel that the profit feature is an inherent vice of the dispensary law which destroys its usefulness and its legality.

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do. This outrageous falsehood thus revamped and copied from a North Carolina paper is again set in circulation and I deem it nothing but my duty, and it is certainly a pleasure, to do justice to Mr. Justice Gary, while the very records of the facts will show the falsity and venom of the infamous story.

The dispensary law was declared unconstitutional in April, 1894, by Justices Melver and McGowan, Justice Pope dissenting. The opinion was wholly respected by the people of the state and to the best lawyers in it. I know because I had talked with many of them on the subject. Judge McGowan retired from the bench the July following and Justice Gary took his place. Mr. McGowan had not, as I recollect, offered for re-election the preceding December and when Judge Gary was elected no one dreamed that the issue would be presented in that light. While it was fashionable in those days to say Gov. Ben Tillman "gave orders to the general assembly," I there declare on my personal honor that I had nothing whatever to do with that election, and that Justice Gary's opinion as to the constitutionality of the dispensary law was well understood by all who were present with him, and as itself an outgrowth of a dissatisfaction on the part of the people with the manner in which the police power when delegated, was abused" (by permitting those who obtained the licenses to make as much money as possible).

It may be that the re-opening of these old wounds and the continued attacks that are being made on me may revive factionalism in South Carolina, and I call all my minded men to bear witness that the law was enacted in the dispensary and abuse of all who have had anything to do with it from beginning to end is not being pressed by me or my friends, that it is the other side that is urging the fight, and I again repeat that if there shall again be a revival of bitterness in the coming campaign the blame can not justly be laid at my door. I have to be meek, or disposed to "turn the other cheek" when I have been smitten and while I deprecate this style of warfare, I am prepared to meet onslaughts of this or any other kind, let them come from whence they may.

E. R. TILLMAN.
Trenton, S. C., Aug. 23rd.

EXPENSIVE WHIMS.

Some That Cost Fortunes—Bits of Luck That Brought Millions.

The sultan presents his compliments to the engineer in charge and wishes to have the bridge to be constructed in Constantinople in order to let a ship from the dockyard pass through at once.

When this message was delivered into the hands of the contractor responsible for the construction of the bridge, he was very much pleased. He had been working on the bridge day and night, and he had just received a message from the sultan that it was not half finished.